

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JAMES GRANT, AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c. AND FRANCIS ROSS, FORMERLY SOLE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.

No. 8. NEW SERIES.]

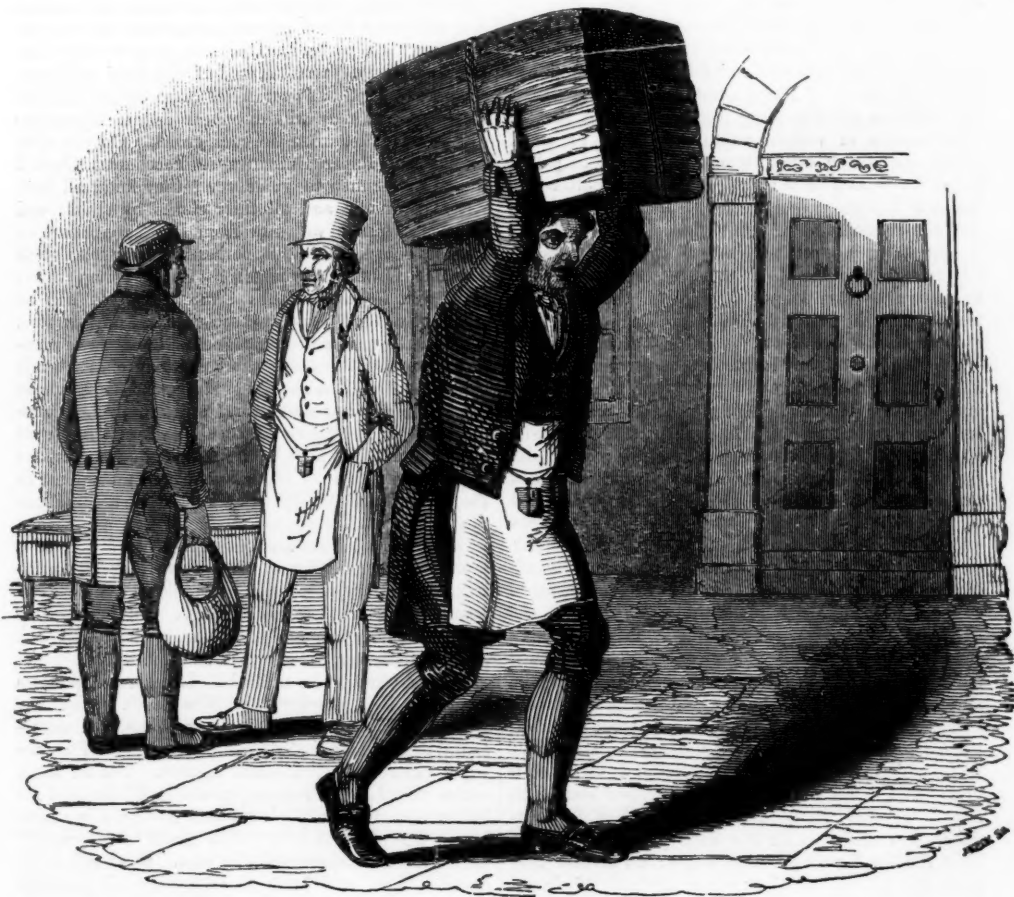
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1841.

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LONDON PORTERS.



J. RIDER, PRINTER,
VOL. I.

[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.
I

ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

No. VIII.—LONDON PORTERS.

SHAKESPEARE asks,

"Who would fardels bear,
And groan and sweat under a weary load?"

Ay, who? Why, WE, exclaim the PORTERS OF LONDON, we are willing to stagger under the heaviest load that suffering humanity can bear, or purse-proud man inflict. "Shall I take your luggage, Sir—this way, Sir? it's all right!" and before you can move a foot to follow him, the fellow has turned a corner, with, perhaps, all you hold dear upon earth.

The French have the word which gives us the root of Porter; and if any of our readers are learning French, they will of course, try to find it out. When we speak about the root of Porter, we do not mean those "brewers' trimmings" which, alas, enter so plentifully into the strong beverage of that name. To open and shut doors,—to fetch and carry, like a faithful, docile Newfoundland dog,—were the primitive occupations of Porters, and hence their name; and when an experimenting brewer found out, that by combinations of various "thin potatoes," he could produce a strong liquid, it was universally hailed as fitted for strong men; and so London Porter and London Porters were identified together, and not without reason; for if salt water can float a heavy seventy-four, it must be admitted by all antagonists of "tee-totalism," that London Porter is strong enough to carry a London Porter through all the streets of the metropolis, even if, Atlas-like, he bore a little globe upon his shoulders.

In the ranks of our LONDON PORTERS, we include all grades and conditions of men, from the lofty and aristocratic "messenger of the Treasury," to the humble slipshod rascal, half boy and half man, who is willing to trot wherever you like, for a small sixpence or a little shilling. Oh, those "messengers of the Treasury!" they grievously tempt many of their fellow-mortals. To be enrolled amongst the number who may have to summon a cabinet council to decide on the fate of nations; to have the honour of standing in the hall of a newly-made prime minister, ready to run with missives, inviting Lord This, or the Honourable Mr. That, to take the post of foreign secretary, or chancellor of the exchequer—'tis almost too much for human ambition! Then there are the messengers of the House of Commons, who, we are assured by Sir William Gossett, the Serjeant-at-Arms, when giving evidence before a Committee, are "most respectable men," and have "to put on a clean shirt every day." No wonder that these posts should be eagerly coveted: no wonder that hangers-on, in abundance, are ready to do the little jobs that are too little for the legitimate messengers: no wonder that there is a "black book," or rather a "book of sighs," at the Treasury, where country gentlemen, who have

influence, enrol the names of ancient valets or faithful butlers; where active but briefless barristers record the merit of diligent clerks; and where all, whose patience and hope rival their ambition, may see the names of hundreds lying there, and lying there for ever; for it is true, if it be not strange, that he who has got a snug berth, has a far better chance of living, than the impatient and hungry candidate, who thinks that all who are in his way have got a knack of adhering to this present world with a pertinacity truly affecting and lamentable.

Descending from the elevated regions of the Treasury and of Parliament, and passing by the middle ground of Somerset House, we may wander through the arcades and courts of the Temple, with the Thames on one hand, and the Strand and Fleet-street on the other. Who are these that flit melancholy-like through gateways, and encounter you under passages? They might be bishops, if their little white aprons, reaching only to the knee, were turned into black silk, and their "corporations" exhibited corpulency. But who ever heard of such a monstrosity as a fat messenger or porter? Oh, no: they "come like shadows,—so depart!" A nod of the head will fetch them as promptly as ever Ariel came at the beck of Prospero, and they will disappear as quickly as the ghost in Hamlet when the cock crows. Do you wish to find out Paper Buildings or Parchment Court? There's your men to guide you; they know all barristers by name, and all their clerks by sight; and for a few pence will run from Fig Tree Court to Doctors' Commons. But, perhaps, you want to go to Doctors' Commons yourself? Come along, then: when you reach St. Paul's Churchyard, you will be transferred from legal to ecclesiastical messengers, who, however, like their "cognate" brethren of common law, wear the same short white apron, the same suits of sables, like shabby genteel gentlemen, whose blacks are turning whites, and touch their hats with the same reverential civility. Or seek you Lombard Street, and a banker's? Again, you encounter the white aprons, some of whom are men of great trust in the "city;" and though they appear to loiter about the street, as if they had no home but a gateway, no shelter from a shower but the casual abode of a taproom, yet not a few of them have large sums intrusted to their care, and are known at bankers' counters. Thus, then, reader, have you been introduced to our *regal*, our parliamentary, our legal, our ecclesiastical, and our commercial messengers.

It has often been said, that London pickpockets make the best shepherds in New South Wales, for, ignorant of all trade, idle in their habits, and accustomed to scrutinize individuals, the lazy life of watching flocks suits their indolent natures. But we think our worthy London messengers would fill the post far better than the pickpockets; and we think we have here a fine illustration of "Who are fit to emigrate?" Our London messengers—we mean, legitimate messengers, born and bred as such—are all powerful within the metropolis. They know every court, lane,

and alley; can guide you through endless passages, that seem to lead to more than nothing; and have an instinctive idea of the characters, professions, and fortunes of all men, whether great at the Mansion House, great in the Common Council, great on 'Change, or great at London Bridge Wharf. They are walking dictionaries of names, moving topographers, living registrars of life, within this mighty aggregate of life. But remove them out of London, they cannot handle an axe or a saw; they can scarcely use a spade, or drive a nail. They exhibit how powerless man can become, under the process of minute division of labour; how helpless all are, who, bred up in a great city, have been used to do only one thing.

The Porters, the burden-bearers of London, are a grade somewhat lower than the mere messengers. They are not without a touch of ingenuity in their way, for time out of mind, they have been used to a cushion-like thing pendent from their caps, which protects the neck and shoulders from the friction of the loads they carry. We remember, in Dublin, a merchant, who had visited the metropolis, had been struck with this contrivance, and carried one away with him, to ease the shoulders of his own native porter. Pat, when he saw it, took it up with a most imitable grin, "An' this," says he, "is the thing that the London Porters wear! Bad luck to it," says he, "if it ever crass *my* shoulders!" for, says he, "it wouldn't be natural to wear it; it wouldn't be doing the decent thing to let any thing carry the load but myself!"

TABLE OF PORTERS' FEES.

For every parcel not exceeding 56 lbs., 9d. per mile; above 56 lbs., and not exceeding 112 lbs., 1s. per mile; above 112 lbs., and not exceeding 168 lbs., 1s. 6d. per mile: for every parcel above 14 lbs., which they may have to bring back, they are allowed half the above fees.

NURSERY POETRY.

By the Author of "Random Recollections," "The Great Metropolis," "Portraits of Public Characters," &c.

MEN's tastes are proverbially various. Mine, on the subject of poetry, will, I know, be considered singular. I cannot help that. We have no more control over our tastes than we have, to use Lord Brougham's words, "over the colour of our skin or the height of our stature." I hold that the most erroneous notions obtain in the world, respecting what constitutes true poetry. It were no difficult task to establish this position. It is admitted, on all hands, that that is the best poetry which finds its way most directly to the feelings, and which leaves the most lasting impression on the mind. Whence comes it then, I ask, that Nursery Poetry is so lightly esteemed, while such works as Homer's *Iliad*, Virgil's *Æneid*, and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, are so generally admired and praised? Tried by the above unerring test, the latter works will not bear a moment's comparison with much of the poetry of the nursery; for though we may have read Homer, Virgil, Milton, and many of the other writers of versification, erroneously called poets, so late perhaps as yesterday, we

do not recollect, it may be, a single passage in their writings; while we have a distinct remembrance, not of a detached couplet or two, but of the entire pieces which constitute the staple of nursery poetical reading, though full half a century may have elapsed since we handled any of the Lilliputian half-penny volumes in which such pieces have appeared. Could there, then, I ask, be a greater proof of the impression which the latter class of poetry makes on the mind of the reader, and of the little, or rather, if the phrase be not unclassical, the *no* impression produced by the former?

My position being thus satisfactorily established, my readers will pardon me the expression of my surprise and regret, that the public taste should be so grievously vitiated as to prefer the poetical works of the three personages whose names I have mentioned, and of others which might have been added, to the infinitely higher order of poetry which abounds in the nursery.

This anomalous and discreditable state of things shall no longer exist—if I can help it. I have determined to come forward, as no other person better qualified for the task seems disposed to undertake it, as the champion of those great poetic geniuses who reign paramount in the nursery, though so shamefully neglected by "children of a larger growth." This is an undertaking far more noble than any recorded in the page of modern history. There is nothing so truly worthy in the voluminous annals of chivalry. Were it not that the one related to a future world, and was immediately connected with man's religious interests, and that the other has reference to intellectual merit alone, I would not shrink from comparing the nobleness of the task I have undertaken with that of the Crusaders of the twelfth century, when they devoutly and heroically marched to the Holy Land, to expel the infidels from the sacred territory.

I regret, and it is a disgrace to the age in which we live, that I should be left to engage single-handed in this glorious enterprise. Had Mr. Canning been alive, I should have found in him an able coadjutor. In his younger years he gave convincing proof of the estimation in which he held Nursery Poetry; and not only showed that he could duly appreciate its transcendent merits, but that he could ably vindicate its claims to the admiration of all possessed of sufficient intellect to discern its excellences. In the "*Microcosm*," a periodical work which he conducted when an 'Eton Boy,' he published two masterly papers, admirable alike for the eloquence of their style and their critical discernment, on the well-known nursery poem beginning with—

"The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts
All on a summer's day."

That Mr. Canning did not pursue the glorious and useful career which he thus early pointed out for himself, is solely to be ascribed to the circumstance of his comprehensive mind having been, from that period until the time of his death, occupied with the weightier matters of state. Had he only been spared to accomplish to some extent the objects most dear to his heart, namely, of "calling new worlds into existence," and regenerating the old, there can be no doubt that he would have devoted all the faculties of his mind for the remainder of his life, to the promotion of the praiseworthy purpose I have mentioned.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." Encouraged by the assurance that the object I have in view involves, in an eminent degree, not only the abstract principles of justice, but the interests of our national literature, I proceed fearlessly and at once, to the performance of my task.

The only thing about which there can be any doubt or

difficulty, is the particular nursery poem I should commence with. The claims of several to the distinction of priority in the specification of their merits are so nicely balanced, that I am at a loss to say to which I ought to give the preference. I am particularly distracted amidst the conflicting claims of three beautiful little well-known poems. The first is that commencing with

"Who killed cock robin?
I, said the sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
And I killed cock robin."

The second is "The House that Jack built;" and the third is the popular poem of "Jack and Gill." As the last is the shortest, I shall begin with it.

Though it be very unusual for critics to quote the whole of the poem they are about to criticise, I do not feel myself "obligated," as they say at the police offices, to follow the general example. I am perfectly independent in every thing, and in nothing more so than in matters pertaining to criticism. Here then is the poem to whose matchless excellences I am about to call the attention of my readers:—

"Jack and Gill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after!"

It will at once be perceived by the intelligent reader, that this poem has in it all the qualities of a heroic poem. The grand essentials of such a poem are admitted on all hands, from Aristotle down to the most modern critic, to be, that it have a hero, a beginning, a middle, and an end. It is undeniable on the face of it, that this poem possesses all these properties. It has certainly a hero, and a heroine to the bargain; so much the better. To go into any lengthened or elaborate arguments to prove that the poem has a beginning, a middle, and an end, would be justly deemed an unpardonable insult to the understanding of my readers.

The way in which the poem commences is particularly happy. Had Homer been the author, he would have begun with an invocation to the "heavenly goddess" to assist him. Virgil would have apostrophised "the muse;" and Milton would have supplicated the inspiration of the "heavenly muse." There is nothing of the kind here; the poet's good taste taught him to discard all such nonsense. What do readers care about "heavenly goddesses," "sacred nine," "celestial muses," and so forth? All they want is a good poem. If the poet courts "the muse," and wishes, like the kindred moonstruck swains who are captivated with the charms of some terrestrial damsel, to fall down on his knees and worship his mistress, why, let him by all means do her homage to his heart's content, but let it be done in secret; let him not expose himself to the unhallowed gaze of a vulgar world. If the nymphs of Helicon have a particle of modesty in them, they must frown on all such worshippers, and spurn their proffered addresses.

One great fault of all the heroic poems which have attained any celebrity, is, that their authors weary the reader with tedious and elaborate exordiums, before they reach the subject matter of the poem. Not so in the instance before us. The poet at once introduces us to the hero and heroine. Let the reader attend to the very first line:—

"Jack and Gill went up the hill."

A poet of less judgment than my author would certainly have drawn largely on the time and patience of the reader, by a lengthened description of the hill which Jack and Gill ascended. He would have been quite verbose in

telling us what was its physical condition,—inflicting on us, in all probability, a geological treatise, either in metre or blank verse, as the case might be. Here there is nothing of the kind: not a word is said either of the size or the physical aspect of the hill. It may have been a hill whose summit, to use the amorous phraseology of other poets, "kissed the clouds;" or it may have been one of much more lowly proportions. Then the poet is equally silent as to the appearance of the hill. Was it a hill with a surface of sand, or with a rocky physiognomy? Was its surface clad with the "green, green grass," or did it exhibit a covering of heath? These are questions which the poet very properly forbears to touch on, far less to answer. He leaves the reader to form his own ideas of the hill, and, in so doing, pays his understanding the highest compliment. I hate minuteness in any thing; it invariably destroys the effect. Here it would have been fatal to the poem.

The author, with equally good judgment, forbears to tell us how Jack and Gill ascended the hill. He very wisely contents himself with informing us that they "went up the hill." Any other poet would have dosed us with some forty or fifty pages of description touching the ascent of the two youths. In this, as in the case just mentioned, the poet leaves every thing to the imagination of his readers. Whether Jack and Gill took only a few minutes, or as many hours to reach the top, is a matter on which we are left to form our own judgment. Nor is the slightest hint given us as to the mode of the ascent. It may have been in the usual way—that is to say, the heroic youths may have walked up the hill; or they may have crawled to the top on all fours. The great charm of the line consists in the unbroken silence which the poet maintains on these points.

In the second line, the poet unfolds to us the object for which the youths ascended the hill. It was

"To fetch a pail of water."

The author abstains from telling us whether they had gone up the hill of their own accord, on this errand; or whether they had been sent by their parents. We are left to our own conclusions on the subject. On either assumption, we feel most deeply interested in the dear children, and admire their conduct. If they went of their own free will, it shows how anxious they were to anticipate the wants and wishes of their parents, by bringing them a pail of water before it was wanted. If, on the other hand, they went up the hill in obedience to the expressed wishes of their father and mother, the circumstance shows the warmth of their filial regard, and a sense of parental duty, which, in these days of juvenile degeneracy, cannot be too warmly commended. Though I fondly hope that so melancholy a result will not ensue from obedience to parents in other cases, I would anxiously press on my youthful readers the propriety of the example thus set them by these excellent youths. Parental obedience is one of the cardinal virtues of "little boys and girls."

The plot now thickens, and the *denouement* is at hand—

"Jack fell down and broke his crown."

Poor dear boy! The poet makes no appeal to the feelings of his readers: he does not attempt to awaken their sympathies at the fate of unfortunate Jack: he contents himself with a simple statement of the calamity which befel him. All this is perfectly right and proper on his part. His silence is far more expressive than would have been any thing he could have said. He gives full play to the reader's imagination; and that person must be equally destitute both of imagination and feeling who can think of the fate of poor Jack without shedding a tear over it. "Broke his crown!" It is fortunate it was not

his neck. His crown *possibly* may have been mended again, though I fear it never was. But alas! no surgery is equal to the task of repairing the injury which a broken neck entails. It is death at once—death as certainly as when the neck is stretched by the “finisher of the law.”

But what of Jack's companion? The reader shall hear:—

“And Gill came tumbling after.”

Moralists tell us, that calamities do not come singly. How strikingly is the aphorism illustrated in the case of these interesting youths! Their days are prematurely ended—that is to say, if the accident proved fatal—at the same time and in the same way. They were, as far as we can judge, strongly attached to each other in life; how truly may it be said of them, that in death they were not divided? How they had lost their equilibrium, and consequently fallen down the hill, is a matter on which the poet is mute. Another proof of his skill: for the mind is so absorbed in sorrow at the fate of the little darlings, as to be incapable of bestowing a single thought on the cause of the accident.* He also, with equal propriety, abstains from saying a word about the pail and the water. A poet of inferior judgment would have said something about the pail; would have told us whether it also fell down the hill, or remained at the top; as if the reader were capable of withdrawing his sympathies for one moment from Jack and Gill, and transferring them to the utensil which they had in their hands when the unfortunate occurrence took place.

The author does not say as much, but I do not think any of my readers will differ in opinion from me when I mention, that I presume the youths were brother and sister. In that case, the circumstances connected with the unhappy accident could only be second in their affecting interest to those under which the “Babes in the Wood” perished. I will not refer to what must have been the feelings of their parents. If their grief could have been assuaged, it must have been by the deep and general sympathy which all the neighbours must have felt and manifested at the melancholy catastrophe.

The reader must have been struck with the absence of all meretricious ornament in the poem to which I have called his attention. Any other poet would, if the fact had not been really so, have represented the occurrence as having taken place on a fine summer's morning or evening, in order that he might have had an opportunity of introducing the usual common-places about “the melody of feathered choristers,” “gentle zephyrs,” “the golden radiance of the sun,” &c.: supposing that to interlard the incidents of the story with such glittering nonsense as this, would give it additional effect. Our poet knew better. He knew that what Thomson says in his “Seasons” of female beauty, holds equally true of poetry; namely, that

—“It is,
When unadorned, adorned the most.”

Brevity is said to be the soul of wit; it is the soul of poetry also. The poet ought, above all things, to avoid what is called “spinning out.” It is the besetting sin of poets—the grand rock on which so many thousands of them make shipwreck of their reputation. The poem of “Jack and Gill” I commend in this respect to their special attention. It constitutes an example which they ought to follow. It contains as much in its four lines as is to be

* It is right to mention that I put the fatality of the accident hypothetically. The poet is silent as to that point. Perhaps after all, the young innocents recovered from the effects of their fall, though I have proceeded on a contrary assumption.

met with in many a goodly-sized octavo. It has in it, as I have said and shown, all the elements of a grand heroic poem. In other words, it is a grand heroic poem.

Who the author is, is not known. This is the greater pity, as he is by that means deprived of the distinguished fame which his poem must have insured him. It is certain of immortality; so would the author have been, had he been known. However, regrets on this head are unavailable now.

Dr. Johnson used to say, that he would much rather have been the author of the well-known ballad of “Chevy Chase” than of all his own works put together. I am not yet so voluminous a writer as Dr. Johnson; but I certainly must say, that I would infinitely rather be the author of “Jack and Gill,” than of all the works which have proceeded from my pen. Of this I am quite certain, that nothing of mine will ever attain so extensive or lasting a popularity.

I trust I have said sufficient to raise the poem of “Jack and Gill” to its proper rank in the world of poetry. There are other Nursery Poems for which I must do a similar service, as soon as I am in a condition to devote the requisite attention to the subject.

LITERARY AND MORAL GEMS.—No. III.

SELECTED FOR THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL
BY A LADY.

PREJUDICE.

“Prejudice terms the generous man, prodigal; the just, rigid or severe; the disinterested, improvident; the provident, avaricious; the economist, penurious; the benevolent, weak; the beneficent, ostentatious; the public-spirited, vain-glorious; the retired man, selfish. If ambitious, proud; if unambitious, mean; if philanthropic, silly; if philosophical, eccentric; if candid, indiscreet; if circumspect, designing; if consistent, obstinate; if yielding, inconsistent; if resolute, audacious; if accommodating, servile; if quiet, contemptible; if ardent, mad; if taciturn, stupid; if communicative, loquacious; if anxious for the interests of others, officious; if attentive to his own interests, grasping; if reserved, haughty; if affable, courting popularity; if religious, canting; if moral, austere; if correct, precise; if attentive and polite to his own wife, uxorious; if polite and attentive to other men's wives, libertine; if wise, heavy; if witty, trifling; if vigorous, violent; if moderate, cowardly; if eloquent, illogical; if logical, dry; if plain, prosing; if poetical, crazy.”

SERVILITY.

Many people are dreadfully shocked at any thing like insolence. It does not affect me at all; but I have a horror of servility. The former often partakes of the nature of independence; the latter always of that of meanness. I do not mind a man not taking off his hat to me; but one that will not put it on, in spite of all I can say, is a great annoyance. I do not dislike a little vanity; it is ever an ingredient in the composition of agreeableness. But humility makes me shudder, as being a sort of reptile that I am always afraid of treading upon; besides, like many other reptiles, it is very venomous at times. There is a sweetish, pulpy manner, which I have observed uniformly covers, both in men and women, a bitter kernel. What I most depend upon is a sort of slow, substantial, John Bullish civility.—*Thomas Walker.*

TEMPER.

Of all personal and mental attractions, the two most prominent are undoubtedly smoothness of skin and temper—a sort of a sweetness of body and mind.—*Ibid.*

LIFE AND WORKS OF JOSEPHUS.—No. II.

We resume our specimens of the engravings which embellish and illustrate Mr. Virtue's cheap and elegant

edition of the works of Josephus. The plate which follows, endeavours to realize the well-known scriptural incident of Jonah being cast into the sea, and being swallowed by a great fish.



The deed represented in the following is one of blood: it is that of the commanders of Herod's army slaying Malichus. The historian's account of the circumstance will be read with interest.

"Now," says Josephus, "when Cassius had taken Laodicea, they all went together to him, and carried him

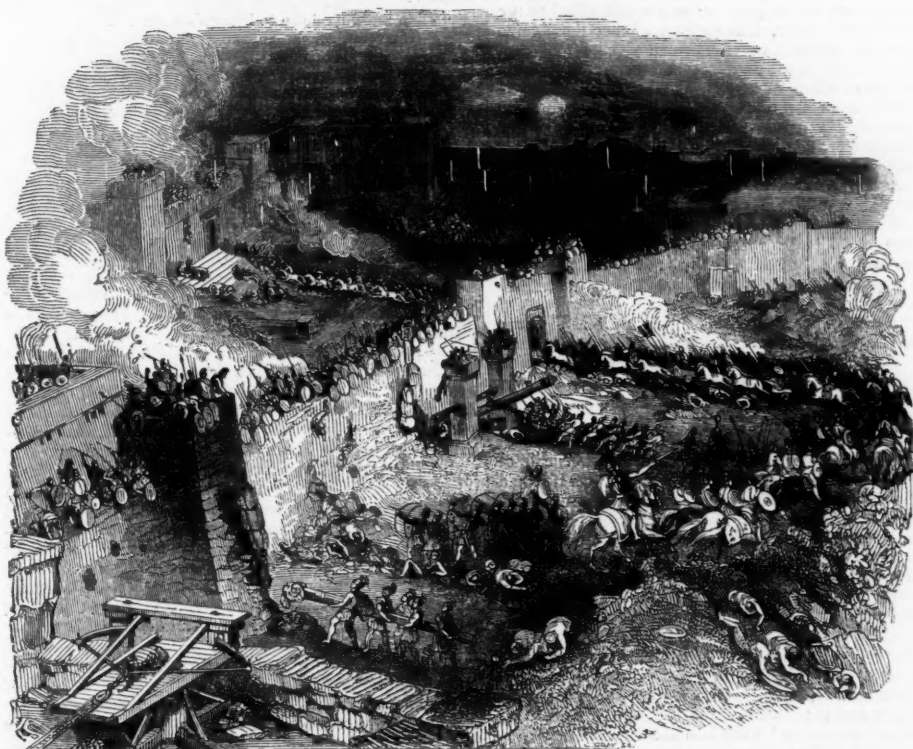
garlands and money; and Herod thought that Malichus might be punished while he was there; but he was somewhat apprehensive of the thing, and designed to make some great attempt, and because his son was then a hostage at Tyre, he went to that city, and resolved to steal him away privately, and to march thence into Judea; and as



Cassius was in haste to march against Antony, he thought to bring the country to revolt, and to procure the government for himself. But Providence opposed his counsels; and Herod being a shrewd man, and perceiving what his intention was, he sent thither beforehand a servant, in appearance indeed to get a supper ready, for he had said before that he would feast them all there, but in reality to the commanders of the army, whom he persuaded to go out against Malichus, with their daggers. So they went out and met the man near the city, upon the sea-shore, and there stabbed him. Whereupon Hyrcanus was so astonished at what had happened, that his speech

failed him; and when, after some difficulty, he had recovered himself, he asked Herod what the matter could be, and who it was that slew Malichus; and when he said that it was done by the command of Cassius, he commended the action; for that Malichus was a very wicked man, and one that conspired against his own country. And this was the punishment that was inflicted on Malichus for what he wickedly did to Antipater."

We conclude our specimens with a representation of the celebrated siege of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, extracting a brief notice of it from the detailed account given by Josephus.



NOW the king of Babylon was very intent and earnest upon the siege of Jerusalem; and he erected towers upon great banks of earth, and from them repelled those that stood upon the walls; he also made a great number of such banks round about the whole city, whose

height was equal to those walls. However those that were within bore the siege with courage and alacrity, for they were not discouraged, either by the famine, or by the pestilential distemper, but were of cheerful minds in the prosecution of the war, although those miseries within oppressed them also, and they did not suffer themselves to be terrified, either by the contrivances of the enemy,

or by their engines of war, but contrived still different engines to oppose all the other withal, till indeed there seemed to be an entire struggle between the Babylonians and the people of Jerusalem, which had the greater sagacity and skill; the former party supposing they should be thereby too hard for the other, for the destruction of the city; the latter placing their hopes of deliverance in nothing else but in persevering in such inventions, in opposition to the other, as might demonstrate the enemy's engines were useless to them. And this siege they endured for eighteen months, until they were destroyed by famine, and by the darts which the enemy threw at them from the towers."

We trust we have not only said, but given enough to recommend this edition of the works of the Jewish historian to the notice of our readers. It is one of the most handsomely got up books we have ever seen, even in these days of tasteful "getting up."

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PETER JONES.*

CHAPTER I.—THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

IN one of those cities which are as the eyes of Britain, there lived a poor, ignorant, yet not altogether unhappy family, bearing the name of Jones. The city wherein they dwelt is a great city, and its merchants rank as honourable ones in the earth—their ships are to be found on every sea. Products of all climes are brought to that city, to be worked up into rare and curious fabrics, or to be consumed for bodily satisfaction and heart's-ease. Our poor family were not so poor but they could afford to use a little tea and sugar, though from whence these came they knew not, unless it was from some place far abroad, where the blacks live. Intellect had begun its march, in those days of which we now speak; but it had marched past the house of the Joneses. You might have made them stare, had you asked whether the laying down the handsome pavement on which they daily trod, or the building of the Egyptian pyramids, were the greater performance? And grievously would they have been puzzled with the question, whether, when they opened their shutters of a morning, it was the darkness that went out, or the light came in. Yet they were human beings; had hearts swelling with all human emotions; maintained communion with the "region of invisibles," and were destined to live for ever.

The father and mother of this family were as different in their temperaments and dispositions, as day is from night. Yet being married, they lived and agreed wondrous well. For though they had never studied the ethics of marriage, nor the philosophy of living, nor analysed the why and the wherefore of the reason of their argument, by a sort of instinct, they seemed to understand that opposite tempers might be made to coalesce instead of coming into collision; and they saw as plainly as if it had been laid down by a diagram, that the action of two opposing forces might drive the ball of existence, not in the direction of the one or the other, but as it were in a medium between the two. As for the father, had you seen him and conversed with him, you might have pronounced him a grim, austere, sour, crabbed man, very ignorant, and very obstinate; and so he was. Ill health made him grim and austere; poverty and toil, ignorant and obstinate. The mother was a lively, merry creature—light, but not volatile,—cheerful, but hardly gay. The whole family, and it was a large one, lived in the darkness and shadow of all the light of this land. Oh, ye friends of education! walk into the lanes and narrow streets of great cities. There lies ignorance fermenting in the shade, producing food for gaols, and criminal courts, and New South Wales. One is almost apt to imagine that in a single city, proof may be found that God hath not made of one blood all nations of men that dwell on the face of the earth; for those spacious streets seem as the screen and fence put up between two races of intelligent creatures.

But in the family of the Joneses there was light. They lived in a narrow street, surrounded by dirt, and misery, and drunkenness, and brawls; but the candle of the Lord shone in their tabernacles. Jones the father, was an ignorant, a very ignorant man.

"His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way."

* Some of the earlier readers of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL may remember that this story was commenced and abruptly stopped. Circumstances, not necessary to be detailed, caused the interruption: but it will now be regularly proceeded with, chapter by chapter.

But in the words of a more natural, though not so brilliant, a poet as Pope, he knew, though he knew but little more, "his Bible true." Grim, and crabbed, and austere, he was,—that was his misfortune, the misfortune of his position; for ill health and poverty had driven happiness inwards, and almost turned it into an acrid poison. But the Bible neutralized the effect of the poison; it taught him to be honest, upright; and in his reverential love for it, he became scrupulously scrupulous, and acquired a stiff and unbending rigidity respecting words and actions. With all his ignorance and all his faults, he was a good man. Had you but seen him at family worship!

"Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise
In such society yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere."

He prayed, but his words were few, feeble, and rude; for often on his knees had he to struggle with an asthmatic cough. Nevertheless he prayed, and that with the heart, fervently; and you may firmly believe, that his prayer took its way to Him who sitteth on the circle of the universe.

One of the children of this family was called Peter Jones; an odd-looking little urchin in his youth. His mother loved him, for she thought him the wisest of her family; and with those aspirations which even the poorest and most wretched feel, she indulged the hope that Peter might one day be something of a great man, and raise the family of the Joneses from their lowly condition. And yet, had a stranger passed, and seen the squab little fellow sitting with his feet in the kennel and damming up the puddle, he might have paused twice before he answered the question, whether Peter was likely one day to be a great man? A closer inspection of his dirty face would have led to the conclusion that it expressed much intelligence. His mother was no physiognomist, and had never heard of phrenology; but she was amused by the questions of her little philosopher, such as who Mr. Government was,—if the king owned the sea—and how many men made an army? Often in summer days, would he go to a little speck of green that grew behind the houses which constituted his world; and there, lying on his back, would he muse on immensity. And what thoughts, O member of a Mechanics' Institute! think you, passed through the mind of this untutored child? He would mark the fleecy clouds as they floated high above him; and when he went home, predict a severe winter, from the huge masses of imaginary snow that he saw rolling onwards to the great storehouse of the land of frost!

But the time came, and that too early, when Peter should go out to earn a portion of the family's sustenance. He had never been at a school, but his father had taught him to read the Bible; and he was familiar with many of the Old Testament stories. A year or two soon passed over; his diligence raised his earnings, and they became of importance to the family; and though surrounded with temptations of all sorts, with artless ingenuousness he brought all his money home, and felt a delightful pleasure as he poured it into his mother's lap.

A young companion teased him to go with him to the theatre. The proposal was startling; but having learned at the fireside somewhat of love and obedience, he carried the question home for consideration. The father was alarmed—solemnly warned his son against compliance, and painted the theatre in dismal and black colours, as

a place hateful and vile, a cage of wickedness and unclean birds. Herein he erred, and many such errors does well-intentioned ignorance make. Peter refused to go, and replied to his companion's solicitations, with some of his father's description. But the young tempter was not to be put off; he denounced the description, and gave another of a far different hue; and a struggle began in Peter's mind. He longed to go for once; he feared to disobey: but one day the father admitted that *he* had once been at the theatre himself when he was a young man, and the disclosure made a tremendous inroad on Peter's resolution. If his father had been once, and was notwithstanding a good man, why might not Peter go once, and sustain no damage? He struggled, but every struggle made him weaker. The temptation came back again and again; and every time it came, it seemed to have redoubled force. At last a whisper was conveyed into the mind of Peter—Go! but *conceal* it. How? A Lie! Tell a lie, Peter; cover up your footsteps—you are ignorant of the theory that the fall of the Trojan horse is the type and parable of the first lie in the soul of man. Peter told the lie, but the lie required another to back it, and if necessary a third. He had to account for his absence, he had to conceal the expenditure of what appeared to him a large sum of money—a shilling! The double lie was prepared for use; and joining his companion at the appointed hour, Peter Jones, his heart throbbing, tried to hide himself amongst the crowd, grouped at the entrance of the shilling gallery of the theatre.

The doors were opened: Peter and his companion struggled out of the choked-up entrance, rushed up the stair, stumbled over benches, and in an agony of joy, found themselves in possession of a front seat in the gallery. As his heart began to abate in violence of throbbing, the haze of joy that obscured his sight began to clear away, and he was able to look around. That curtain! it concealed from Peter a more mysterious paradise, and he looked as if he would pierce it through. The pit and boxes were slowly filling, and that amused him; but just as the theatre was about full, there seemed to come a kind of lull—a pause in the bustle; and Peter having made his eyes familiar with all sides of the house, and having minutely scrutinised the figures on the curtain, began to feel uneasy. He fancied that there was somebody in the theatre that knew him—there was some one, surely, that had his eye upon him. Poor soul! there was not one in all that crowded assembly that knew he was in existence. Again he fancied, that there was a voice calling him by name; he listened, and he imagined that he distinctly heard the words, "Peter Jones! Peter Jones!" Could it be his father? that was impossible. Ah! he had told a lie to both father and mother. The tears started into Peter's eyes as he thought of that *lie*, and he heartily wished himself out of the theatre again. But he had not the courage to move, and it would have been difficult to get out if he had attempted it. Again he thought of the lie;—but stop, did not his father tell him a lie too? Did he not describe the theatre to be a very different place from what it is? Is this beautiful and enchanting place anything like that place of wickedness which his father said it was? And his father had been at the theatre, and knew perfectly well what kind of a place it was. So Peter laid *his* lie against his father's lie, and felt his conscience becoming easier. And the bell rang, and the music struck up, and Peter's heart leaped. His blood began to bound from toe to toe, his very fingers felt a strange, exhilarating, curious kind of sensation. Once more the bell rang, and oh, marvellous, the curtain drew up, the play began. It was Richard the Third; and it was followed by a farce which made him laugh till

he cried. Slowly and reluctantly did Peter drag himself away when all was over. For a week afterwards he was in a dream. Earth became a stage, the sky was a curtain; he heard nothing, he saw nothing, but the interior of a theatre. Thunders of applause were ever ringing in his ears; at his meals, or in the streets, he was ever ready to start into attitude, or to mouth the broken fragments of a speech. During a brief period he lived in "glory and in joy;" he had a little world of his own, into which he could retreat, and with which a stranger could not interfere.

A change now came over the spirit of Peter Jones. He had a secret to hide from his family, and a secret is often the essence of an evil. He was no longer open-hearted and cheerful at the little fireside—artless boyhood was passing into a kind of dogged youth. He went back to the theatre again and again, and again and again he had to renew a lie; and when the lie became hollow, and his father began to hint that he saw through it, he grew sullen, and refused to tell where he had been at all. Then his mother took his part, to shield him from his father's anger; and often, after toiling all day, would she sit up till her son came home: for her quick ear could hear his footsteps on the pavement, and she would run stealthily to let him in, without awakening her husband. Peter Jones saw this, and the pent-in sob of his mother, as she would whisperingly press him to tell her where he had been, had sometimes well-nigh wrung his secret from him. His sister, too, a sensible, prudent girl, often talked to him about the change that had passed over him, and he would turn away from her and cry. For he was attached to his sister; there was much affection in the family; and in all their ignorance and darkness, they had light enough to love one another by.

Many a shilling that would have been welcome at home, did Peter Jones devote to the upper gallery of the theatre. The concealment of his passion for theatricals seemed to increase its intensity; he would sit during the performances in a delirium of joy; but when he rose to depart, a chill seemed to freeze his soul; and often on returning home, and retiring to bed, he breathed out a pettish, passionate prayer, that God would take back his life as he slept, and not permit him to rise in the morning. In the morning he would revert to the performances of the previous evening; his work was a mere mechanical operation of the hands, for the being had escaped from all sensation of misery, and was rioting in the region of imagination. He often wished that he was an actor; and then he would fold his arms and walk across the stage, or advance to the "foot-lights," and bow lowly as the hurricane of applause blew around him. At other times he would change his fancy, and wish he were a minister; and so he would mount the pulpit, and give out the text and pour out his sermon, while an absorbed and delighted audience hung upon his lips. Again he was an officer, and on horseback he gave out his orders, drew his sword, and rushed on with his men to the charge. But this fancy did not please him so well as the others; and it was only when he had acted or preached his imagination into fatigue, that he mounted the military hobby-horse.

His ailing father sickened, and visibly grew on to die. All the father's asperity and austerity melted away, and the spirit of love meeting with no neutralizing influences, rose to the surface, and acted on all the dying man's words and actions. He called Peter to him, and spake as he had never spoken before. He conjured him by the fear and dread of Almighty God, that he would drop his mysterious habits, which he doubted not were habits of wickedness, and to walk in the path of duty when he was dead and gone. The poor man died; and his neighbours

seemed to regard him as one of the unknown and forgotten units, as one, who, if he had been crushed out of existence, would scarcely have left dust or ashes enough to indicate where a fire of life had once burned. He was indeed an atom—but it was indeed an atom of a manifold and mysterious being. He died unknown and unnoticed on earth, but not in heaven. For each man is a moral world moving in space, having a centre to which all that pertains to him gravitates, and an atmosphere of thought and feeling in which he is enveloped. And each has his own orbit wherein to move; and all intelligent creatures move round the great Centre and Source of intelligence, running their appointed circuits, and fulfilling a certain reason and law of creation. Therefore, though this poor man died, and nobody saw it, the recording angel took note of the event. Poor as he was, he left in some beating hearts an immortal memory; and at the great audit, God will think of him, and recollect that there lived a man.

Now Peter Jones often delighted to stand in the churchyard, and watch the whole process of committing "dust to dust." Yet when his father died, it touched him as if this had been the first death in the universe of God. He looked upon the stiff and haggard features, and asked himself, what is death? It was an awful mystery; and as he tried to penetrate it, a great horror and darkness fell upon him. Then once more he turned to the worn and wasted face; and he thought he saw the word "IMMORTALITY" written there. And he opened his Bible and read, and as he read, the tears gushed down his cheeks—"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

The situation of the family would have been at this time most desperate, but for one of those ministers of mercy, who, thanks be to God and the Bible, walk this earth, and are not afraid to enter the huts where poor men lie. Such a one found out the Joneses in his visits of mercy in a dreary and repulsive district. He cheered the dying man; out of a not overloaded purse he aided the widow and the fatherless, and glancing beyond the insignificant aspect and awkward appearance of Peter, he thought he saw something worthy of notice. He got him a situation where he could earn more money for the family; and Peter became grave and serious, and applied himself to the duties of his situation with all the thoughtfulness and anxiety of a man.

Amongst the last words which Peter heard his father utter, was "seek the Lord while he may be found." Now a strange kind of literal interpretation of these words, found its way into Peter's mind. He began to wonder where God was to be found: he thought that he could not perceive Him in any object of nature. It was of no use to tell him that God was every where present; that conveyed nothing to his mind. He never doubted that God existed; but he wanted something to rest upon, as evidence of his existence. He looked upwards, and saw not God, but the sky; he looked on the earth, and saw streets, and houses, and men moving to and fro, and green fields, and the bloom and beauty of flowers,—but he saw not God. In the language of Job, his heart said, "Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him. On the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, but I cannot see him." The more he revolved it, the more he felt himself getting farther from the object of his wishes. Often would he look up, and implore God to reveal himself to him. And "Oh," he cried, "could I but be placed in a cleft of the rock, and hear God proclaiming His own great name!" Then he thought that

it was because he was such a poor insignificant creature, that God disdained to take notice of him; and under this withering thought his spirits sank—the mind preyed on the body, and he fell into ill health.

His friend and patron saw that something was wrong; and his kind and affectionate manner drew out from Peter what had hitherto been hidden in the youth's heart. Then, lending him a little popular treatise on astronomy, he desired him carefully to read it, and when he had done so to come back to him, and he would show him the glory of God.

Peter read the book—nay, he devoured it. His mind was at first staggered—his intellect seemed to recoil from the first shock of those amazing facts. But he returned to it; and as he read, "there fell from his eyes as it had been scales." The world was round, and floated round the sun; the stars were suns, and worlds floated round them; and perhaps the whole universe moved round the throne of God! Peter could not prove an iota of any of these statements; the word "mathematics" was Greek to him. Yet he felt the truth of the great facts of astronomy; and having felt them, their grandeur and sublimity entered and enlarged his soul. He went out one night while he was reading, and the heavens sparkled with stars. As he gazed, he seemed to himself to be looking out of the little closet of his own existence into eternity of space, and eternity of time; and as he mused, the fire burned; then spake he with his tongue, "Lo, these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him! The thunder of his power who can comprehend!"

"And he beheld the God of Israel; under his feet was, as it were, the paved work of a sapphire stone, and as the body of Heaven in his clearness."

SELECTED DEPARTMENT.

GOETHE'S TWO HOUSES AT WEIMAR.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

GOETHE being the King's librarian, had no need of making a large collection of books. All he seems to have possessed were two or three shelves full, on a stand beside his arm-chair, and a few over a large cabinet similar to the one in the ante-room. This contained botanical and other natural curiosities, and proves that he knew how to value the discoveries and labours of his scientific contemporaries. No man was more indefatigable in his search for knowledge, in all its branches, than Goethe. An anecdote is told of him that is characteristic. No one, when he was occupied in composition, was allowed to break in upon his meditations—with one exception, Alma, his little-grand daughter, who continually disobeyed the injunction. Nor had Goethe the courage to send her away. But that the babbling of the child might not destroy the current of his ideas, he found out the means, without compulsion or harshness, to purchase her silence. He showed her a new and shining piece of money: "This you shall have," said he to her, "if you will disentangle this skein of silk." The little creature set to work, and he used to delight in watching her serious little countenance while thus occupied.

Among the poet's hoard was shown us a copy of "Sardanapalus," a present from Byron. After Goethe's death, this work was found carefully enveloped in a handkerchief, and concealed in a chest by itself. On a blank sheet before the title-page are written these words: "Homage of a vassal to his liege lord." This present had doubtless made a deep impression on the most renowned of all the German writers. He had treasured it as we jealously hide what is dearest to us from the eyes of the profane.

A door leads from this study into the poet's bed chamber. If this bed had a voice, this plain, unadorned, simple bed, without curtains or furniture, and of the commonest wood-work, what secrecy might it not reveal, what gorgeous creations of the land of dreams, that visited the slumbers of the Scandinavian bard, might it not recal? Goethe was rich; he had added to the inheritance left him by his father, by the sale of his works, and the munificences of the Grand Duke. Had he wished it, he could have slept upon the most voluptuous bed of down; but his tastes were truly simple and German; he was in all things temperate, and reaped the fruits of temperance in retaining unimpaired his faculties to an almost patriarchal age. One of Schiller's biographers endeavours to excite our pity for him by speaking of the miserable pallet on which he found him lying; but what to him more than Goethe was the material world! all the treasures of an ideal one were heaped upon their souls.

By the bed-side stood the identical arm-chair in which Goethe breathed his last. When at his desire he had been placed in it, he called out, "More light! more light!"—The servants drew back the curtains and opened the windows; for a moment he seemed to gaze with the admiration of a child at the light or the beauty of the day, then he sunk his head on his left shoulder, and closed his eyes.—His daughter-in-law thought he slept, and covered his face with a green veil, that the brightness of the sunshine might not disturb his slumbers. Alas! he was no more.

In looking out of the window, the view opens on a little garden. It might be a fond imagination, or perhaps it was owing to the small space in which so many flowers were crowded, but they seemed to me to bloom more beautifully than elsewhere, as if they knew how many admirers they had to look at them. Their master can indeed no longer enjoy the splendour and variety of their tints, but strangers, from all lands, the idolaters of his genius, are their visitors. It seems as if the rain could not injure them, and that the sun beams on them with delight. I am quoting now the words of a German, a friend of Goethe, who accompanied us.

We now entered a drawing-room, in which Goethe was in the habit of receiving his guests, and those whom his renown attracted to Weimar. This was somewhat better furnished than the rest of the house—glass cases occupied three sides of the walls, in which were disposed antique statues, vases, and other curiosities of art and nature.—Among the rest was Vandyke's skull, which Goethe had purchased at a high price in Belgium. It would not be easy to find a more beautiful and better organized model of a head; one might perceive at a glance the nobleness, the gentleness, and the grace, that reigned in it—qualities that distinguished, in a peculiar degree, all the productions of this great master. Goethe was enthusiastically fond of Vandyke. He had also in his possession (which we were shown) a copy of the altar-piece in the cathedral of Cologne, that bears the date of 1410—a picture that has increased the ingenuity of many a connoisseur, though it is still uncertain to whom it is to be ascribed. Kulger has given it to Stephan, and the similitude between the pictures of that master that exist in the Frankfort gallery, and the museum at Schleissheim, and this, gives some weight to the opinion. This picture is perhaps the most curious; and if we consider the time when it was painted, the most marvellous effort of unassisted genius. Goethe's copy, though one of the best, does no justice to the original.

Within the glass case we next observed an inestimable unbound manuscript book, such as is to be found in no library—it was Goethe's album. We gazed at with no common interest. Goethe had, during his many travels,

and in the course of his long life, made the acquaintance of most of the great men of the eighteenth century, and all these had, with some short inscription, entered their names in his book. All the celebrities of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, were contributors to this work. The pages of this octavo are graced by Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Chinese, figuring side by side with English, French, Russian, Italian, Greek, Spanish, and I know not how many other languages, barbarous and civilized.

THE EMPIRE OF MUSIC.

THE empire of music may with truth be said to be universal, and the pleasure which it is capable of diffusing seems to overspread all created existence. If the song of the lark is its jocund and instinctive welcome to the newborn day, we are also taught that the highest created intelligences circle their Maker's throne with songs of praise; and every intermediate link of that golden chain which descends from heaven to earth vibrates at its touch. Music is the language of nature, and is for that reason a beautiful, an expressive, a varied language. It echoes in the forests and the groves, it whispers in the breeze, it murmurs in the brook, it rushes in the torrent, and roars in the tempest. Its presence is everywhere—on earth, in sea, in air—in the world that is, and that which is to come. There is music in every accent of joy, there is music in every response of gratitude, there is music in the plaint of sorrow, and there is music in the voice of pity. We meet and own the power of this language in every walk of daily life,

In every burst of sympathy,
In every voice of love.

Suppose the world destitute of all these sweet and melting accents, these solemn and majestic voices, this daily and hourly appeal to the heart and the imagination; suppose this enchanting and endless variety all withdrawn, even for a short and single day, and in its stead dull monotony or death-like silence. Oh, how would the most insensible heart or the obtusest ear long and pray for its return, and own the beneficence of that Power which has made all nature vocal! Music is therefore a language bestowed on man in common with other created existences, but in larger measure, in higher perfection, and for a nobler purpose. And it has been so regarded and so employed in all nations and ages of the world. Other sciences have come to the musician's aid, who, thus enabled to investigate and to reduce to rule, the laws which govern the production and propagation of sound, has acquired the art of arranging, applying, and extending the power which nature has bestowed. These laws, though immutable, are yet susceptible of an endless diversity of application. To whatever eminence we reach, the horizon still appears boundless as before. Our early masters surveyed what we now see to have been but a small and scanty spot in the field of musical culture; and if they had glimpses of regions yet more fair and fertile, these were but dim and distant. Every successive generation of labourers has outrun the former; in some cases neglecting, or only partially cultivating, that soil to which its predecessors have devoted their exclusive attention; still there remained beyond, a land more rich and more diversified than that which they beheld. The same boundless horizon yet lies before us; and those who come after us, by gaining a yet higher elevation, will command an ampler survey; while to our remotest posterity, the distance, however vast, shall yet appear unlimited as at first.—
Mr. Edward Taylor's Gresham Lectures.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE HIGHLAND CASTLE.

WILD flowers were blooming at its base,
 And round its height there hung
 The ivy that with sullen grace,
 Its verdant tresses flung;
 And there the wall-flower found a place,
 And there the wild-bee sung.

And on its mouldering turrets high,
 The owl poured forth her strain;
 And hooted to the midnight sky,
 Her undisputed reign;
 And round its walls the bat flew by,
 And hovered o'er the plain.

And the blue lake lay by its side,
 Calm as an infant's dream;
 Reflecting the torn heights of pride
 Upon its glassy stream;
 And there the wild bird stirred the tide,
 And the grey plover's scream.

And this was once the stately home
 Of pleasant festival;
 Where gallant lords and ladies shone,
 And knights in glittering mail;
 The "Feast of Shells" here brought the throng,
 To revel and wassail.

And here with sandal'd shoe and cane,
 And garb of loose attire,
 The hoary-headed minstrel came
 Bearing his welcome lyre;
 And then he sung of deeds of fame,
 And then of martial fire.

But now no more the welkin rings
 With harps or dulcimer;
 No gentle lady welcome sings,
 To Banneret from war;
 The pageantry of early things
 Now greets us from afar.

And pomp and splendour have no sway
 In this deserted scene;
 Yet still the vanished leaves a ray,
 To tell of what has been;
 And now the spirit of decay
 Broods o'er the silent scene.

Yet still the same fair moon looks down,
 As looked in olden time,
 When glittering lance, and waving plume,
 Shone in fair beauty's clime;
 And silken hands employed the loom,
 And goblets blushed with wine.

And now it shines with equal ray,
 Though time has changed the scene;
 Its pageantry has passed away,
 Like April's transient gleam;
 And the long train of ancestry,
 What are they?—but a dream.

CHARLOTTE.

VARIETIES.

A COOL EXCUSE.—A gentleman was, the other day, looking attentively at some amusing caricatures in the window of a print shop, when on a sudden he felt some one at his pocket. As there was only one person standing near him, he instantly turned round upon him, and looking him full in the face, said, "Your hand, Sir, was in my pocket!" "Was it, Sir?" the other very calmly replied; "I really beg your pardon, if it was; but the weather is so very cold, one is glad to put one's hands any where!" [This would do no discredit to Jonathan himself.]

PARIS IN SUMMER.—I have been roasted under the vertical sun of Calcutta, baked in the close land winds of Madras, and been boiled in the swampy vapours of Batavia, but no inter-tropical cooking I have ever experienced comes near to the dressing one gets in the month of July in Paris. In the narrow streets you are suffocated; in the wide ones you are grilled alive; or if you fly to the Champs Elysées, you are speedily choked with dust. Within doors your rooms become more like kilns for drying grain, than apartments for living beings. If you shut out the light and heat, you expire for want of air; but if, in agony, you open the creaking casement for a moment, you think the "fierce blast of the Simoom" is coming in upon you. The vegetation being all withered up, the eye finds no repose, for the rays of the sun are reflected from every object upon which they fall, and every object being white, it is impossible to look in any direction without being dazzled. The sky, no longer blue, is filled with a white fiery sort of haze; while from the parched and cracked ground there arises a visible stream of liquid heat, an optical deception caused by the lower stratum of air in contact with the burning soil becoming lighter, and in consequence changing places with that above it, which, in its turn, pours down to the earth to be heated and raised up to supply red-hot breath to the panting inhabitants of the capital.—*Patchwork, by Captain Basil Hall.*

THE SARDINE.—This delicious little fish, which the gourmands of Paris so much delight in, when preserved in oil and sent to the capital in these little tin boxes whose look must be familiar to all who have frequented the Parisian breakfast houses, is still more exquisite when eaten fresh on the shores which it frequents. They are caught in immense quantities along the whole of the southern coast of Brittany, and on the western shore of Finisterre, as far as the northward of Brest, which I believe is the most northern place at which the sardine fishery exists.—*Trollope's Brittany.*

A DELICATE COCKNEYISM.—A writer in a London paper, in describing the accidents of some fashionable ladies on the ice in the Serpentine river during the late frost, says, that in attempting to slide, several of the fair "became seated on the ice!"

PARLIAMENT.—The system of Parliaments commenced under the Saxon government; but the first regular one was in 1204, during the reign of King John. The epoch of the House of Commons is generally considered to be Jan. 23, 1265, under Henry III.; and the first Peer's eldest son who ever sat in the Lower House was Francis Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, and who was the brother of the Sir William Russell so celebrated for his military services in Ireland (of which he was for some time Lord Deputy) in the time of Elizabeth. In 1649, after the death of Charles, a Peer was elected, and sat as a member of the House of Commons. Parliamentary grants were originally made to the King in kind; and in 1340, 30,000 sacks of wool are included in the grant then made.

THE SADDEST SIGHT UNDER THE SUN.—A man willing to work, and unable to find work, is perhaps the saddest sight that fortune's inequalities exhibit under the sun. Burns expresses feelingly what thoughts it gave him—a poor man seeking work—seeking leave to toil, that he might be fed and sheltered; that he might be put on a footing with the four-footed workers of the planet which is his! There is not a horse willing to work but can get food and shelter in requital, a thing this twofooted worker has to seek for, to solicit occasionally in vain; he is nobody's twofooted worker: he is not even any body's slave. And yet he is a twofooted worker; it is currently reported there is an immortal soul in him, sent down out of heaven into the earth, and one beholds him seeking for this.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

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